

FATAL UNION
OF

France and Spain



SATYR

By H. J. Esq;

K

Discors Concordia Fatibus Aptæst,
Ovid. Met. L. 1.

L O N D O N :

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To the READER.

A Preface to what is written on any Subject, seems as necessary as Cloaks in the Autumnal Quarter; and tho' the Spring advances, I won'd not leave off the Custom, especially since Spanish Dogs polite Heads have caus'd the Production of what follows. And truly, a Cloak is a convenient Implement for them at this time, since their Knavery or Folly, smell as Rank among those Countrymen, as a Carrier's lower Limbs in the Heat of Summer.—Without casting a Figure, a Man may then see some of the many Inconveniencies, and ill Consequences which attend so Rash and Imprudent a Consultation. Europe stood a Tip toe a long time, expecting the Heaving up of this wonderful Mountain; and now see they are but bad Guessers at Futurity. The Archbishop of Toledo by this time, I fancy, begins to fall out with Cardinal Porto Carero, for his Frighting a Pusillanimous Prince with the Terrors of Damnation, if he did not comply in Signing the Will: The Thunderbolt seems levell'd at him; and the Menace of the Psalmist may be applied to him; Ye are Gods, but ye shall die like one of the People; and he may chance to cry hereafter, Bernardus, not vidit omnia.—But revolting Time being left to determine the future Event, I shall cease to Prognosticate what is yet in the Dark; nor is it mine, nor another's Opinion, fixes this great Affair. I am unwilling to seem so unskilful an Artichecture, as to make the Porch too big for the Fabrick; and therefore, without more Ceremony, introduce you to the Hall and the inner Rooms, hoping the Rant will not prove beyond your Purchase. I propose not the Applause of the late

* True Born
English Man.

* Satyrist in approving what is written: It was done in haste, and comes up to it in nothing, but the Ill-natur'd part, with which if the Spaniards are offended, they have not many here to take their Part: And I am so modest to think their Eyes are now open, and if they please to look back in time, and retrieve their Mistakes, they are pointed out a Way to be Happy. As to the Parallel Conclusion, it affects not the Generality of the Purchasers, but if there be any Merit in the Satyr, it proceeds from that Occasion.

Vale.

The Fatal Union of *France* and *Spain*.

When *Charles* the Fifth, so *Glorious* for *Renown*,
Laid by those *Laurels*, justly were his own:
From *Spain* by *Merit* to an *Empire* rais'd,

Call'd by *Brave Austrians*, and for *Vertue* prais'd:

Fatigu'd by *War*; long *Seiges* he endur'd;

And *Peace*, for all were in *Distress* procur'd:

So Great in *Fame*, so *Glorious* in *Success*,

That *Conquer'd Nations* did his *Worth* confess.

Then when the *Race* of *Honour* he had run,

And all his *Ancestors* in *Fame* out-gone:

In height of *Victory* he quitted *Sate*;

Turn'd a *Recluse*, to shun his being *Great*.

To *Spain*, he parts with her *Imperial Crown*,

And saw the *Spaniards* Happy in his * *Son*.

* *Phil. 2.*

Withdrawn from *Publick Care*, to *Pious Ease*,

He liv'd to see his *Philip* reign in *Peace*.

But in *Retirement*, never did suspect,

That a *French Philip* shou'd his *Throne* erect;

Rather wou'd He his *Austrian Line* support,

Than tamely see a *Gallick-Spanish Court*.

This *dire Portent*, those that are yet *unborn*,

May learn to know, and know it to their *Scorn*;

That *Spain*, renown'd for *Gravity* and *Wit*,

Shou'd to such *Abject Slavery* submit;

Spain, that in *Blood* has *Laws* for others writ!

It seems to verifie what * *One* has said,

* *Ano. Aut.*

All the *Wise Men* of *Spain* this *Year* are dead,

And all the *Fools* of *France* from thence are fled.

To view 'em tamely, cringe to *French Batton*,

And suffer *Franks* to *Garrison* each *Town*:

To hear the *Spanish Gravity* admir'd

In *France*, till with their *Praises* they are tir'd;

Portends such *Revolutions*, are at hand,

Which till accomplish'd, none will understand.

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Shou'd

Shou'd *Spanish Don*, so formal and so grave,
 Now the same *Towns* are *Garrison'd*, but crave,
 They soon this mighty *Riddle* wou'd unfold,
 And have his *Meaning* to good *Purpose* told:
 ' Most *mighty Debts* (more than they have to pay)
 ' Wou'd be demanded, therefore they must stay;
 ' But if they shou'd by *Bigotry* be stirr'd,
 ' *Lewis* wou'd make them know their *Sou'reign Lord*.

Then will they find the *Gold* which He has sent,
 To *Bribe* their *Votes*; and (which by this is spent:
 Made the *Will* take effect against their *Sence*,
 And dull *Remorse* is all their *Recompence*.

Since what is past, you never can retrieve,
 And done what those (*unborn*) will scarce believe:
 Take the *Advice* of *Foreigners* abroad,
 Lest that in *Time* you shou'd forsake your *God*.
 For, next to this *Apostacy* you've made,
 That seems most like: But this you have not paid.

Burn your *Records*, which blazen forth your *Praise*,
 What you hereafter gain, the *French* will raise.
Bourbon will *Teach* you at your own *Expence*,
 And prove to all the *World* your want of *Sence*:
 Will make you lay your *Fardingales* aside,
 And *A-la-mode* you *Cap-a-pe* shall ride.

One *Thing*, (but that's the *Worst*) you still may keep,
 Your *Inquisition*, never needs to sleep.
 He'll be as *Cruel* as you can *Desire*;
 And you may *purge* the *Heriticks* with *Fire*.
 Inur'd by's *Grandfir's* *Government* so well,
Pities a *Name* he will disdain to tell.
 By which 'tis plain, you will be never forc'd
 To be with *Peace*, and too much *Plenty* curst.
 So near to *Poverty* you stand ally'd,
 That it might well allay your real *Pride*.

What serve your *Silver Mountains* of *Peru*,
 (Wealth, which in others wou'd the *World* undo!
 But still to be a *Witness* you are *Poor*;
 And to your *Comfort*, none deserve it more.

In deep *Distress*, shou'd you for *Succour* call;
 Who! Who wou'd hear! or in your *Quarrel* fall:

For

For, cou'd your Tears reach the *Blew Firmament*,
 Your *Pray'rs* are Nonsense, and in vain are sent,
 For who wou'd *succour* those for *Ruine* bent?
 Your * *Country's Saint* is visibly abus'd, * *St. James.*
 And all *Relief* on the same *Score* refus'd,
 Since now *Saint* † *Dennis* ever must be us'd. † *French.*

Or shou'd you *pray* for * *Empir'd Charles* to come,
 He scorns, now *Hannibal* has enter'd *Rome*. * *Charles 5.*

Now you have given all your *Rights* away,
 He will not aid you, tho' you *Fast* and *Pray*.

Or if upon your *Pray'rs*, He condescends
 To favour those who when He *Reign'd* were *Friends*:
 Shou'd He appear, to help you in *Distress*,
 You must his *Generosity* confess.

Admitting then he quits his former *State*,
 To serve you *Spaniards* who incurr'd his *Hate*:
 What a strange *Difference* He then will find,
 And ask you, where's the *Wealth* he left behind?

But when he sees a *French-man* on the *Throne*,
 He'll wonder more to think what you have done.
 A *Judgment*, which he never cou'd foretel,
 And will from thence conclude you are not well.

Then he will fall *Reforming* of your *State*,
 And nicely scan what does incur your *Fate*.
 Fin'd a *Queen* banish'd, and your *Grandeess* brib'd,
 And all *True Austrians* from the *Court* proscrib'd.

In a due *Method* then He will proceed,
 And learn the *Diet* on which *Spaniards* feed:
 To your *Exchequer* run, to see your *Stores*,
 And find no *Spanish Gold*, but *L'uidores*

Transported; next the *Cause* He will enquire,
 And ask thy *Spaniards* do the *French* admire?
 Why *France* which truckl'd to the *Spanish Pow'r*,
 Shou'd stand so fare, to be next *Emperor*?
 He'd ask what *Reason* for it you assign?
 And then your *Answer* is, *It was his Coin*.

How *Meanly*! How *Precarious*! will it sound;
 It must your former *Glory* sure confound.

Then will He fall *Reforming* you apace,
 And ask by whose *Advice* you met *Disgrace*?
 And who in *State Affairs*, are now in *Place*?

Then as He does your *Mysteries* unfold,
And finds that Purple does the Balance hold:
Porto Carero He will Banish thence,
Before he can reduce you to your Sence.

He will his † *Charles* of Bigotry accuse, † *Charles 2.*
Charles who his blooming Laurels did abuse;
Tax him for disappointing * *Philip's* Will, * *Philip 4.*
And prove the Father greater in his Skill.
For there's no Crime so Impudent and Bold,
As to sell Countries out for Foreign Gold.

Live then Despis'd Abroad, so Poor at Home,
As to shame Strangers who to see you Come.
Rase your Records, let *Philip* be the first
Of all your *Kings*, and stand compleatly Curs'd.

Let your Four *Philips* Glories be forgot,
And make their *Deeds* all with their *Asbes* rot.
Burn the Prophane * Records of your Praise, * *Hist.*
And for your *Second*, your First † *Charles* disgrace. † *Emp.*
What, tho' his Merit did an Empire gain,
What made him *Abdicate* himself from *Spain*?

But then to quit His Laurels for his Ease,
And for *Monastick* Life, shun *Palaces*.
Shows him a *Politician*, not refin'd,
Your * *Philip* never will be so unkind. * *Philip 3.*

Early He takes upon him *Royal Sway*;
And tho' you're forc'd to *lie*, you'll find him *stay*,
Unless *France* drops, and then He'll slip away. }
Like their † *Third Henry* then he runs from thence,
And you turn Tributaries to the *French*. † *K. of Poland.*
Thus the last *Age*, their * *Henry* chous'd the *Pole*, * *H. 3.*
Shelter'd by *Sable Night* from them he stole.

He that affords a Tear to see you weep,
May his Sire haunt him, and disturb his Sleep;
May † Birds of Night his Casements still pursue, † *Owls.*
And brauling *Wives* all Day their Claim renew.

Be Peace a Stranger to a *Spaniard's* Breast;
And let him never know the Joy of Rest.
Opprest with Foreign Troops, too late repine,
And turn (ye Gods!) to Vinegar their Wine,
Let 'em forget their *Art*, to Prune the Vine.

Let

Let 'em keep nothing but their Darling Pride,
 And be it Scandal to support their Side.
 And when they are depriv'd of other Aid,
 Leave 'em to *France*, to have their Debts be paid.
 Then when they meet with this their hard Reproach,
 Let 'em all seek Protection from the *Dutch*.

Not half my Curses on you, yet are spent;
 May you still Covet, yet prove Impotent;
 May Lust incite, and when the Women fall,
 Expecting much, meet no Content at all.
 Eager as longing Eunuchs, to enjoy,
 And not a *Paris* found in all your Troy:

If Copulation happen, be it Pain,
 And no such Trade as Midwife, live in *Spain*.

Let Coffin-makers be the chiefest Trade;
 But murmur for the want of being paid.

Let Superstition in true Triumph reign,
 And Nightly Vespers flourish still in *Spain*.

To Mortifie 'em more, banish their Cooks;
 And let all know a *Spaniard* by his Looks;
 That by the Howness beneath the Eye,
 You may a *Spaniard* at a Distance spie.

That which will most of all their Rage provoke,
 Give no Relief, unless the quit their Cloak.

When Want compels, and they to Mings repair,
 Let 'em fall in, and die for want of Air:
 But live till Hunger does their Rage incite,
 And in their Rage despair each other Bite.

More cou'd I say, more Curses cou'd I vent,
 But to be *Spaniard*, is true Punishment.

Happy's the *Mussel-man*, or wandring *Jew*?
 The last has not a Prince to prove untrue:
 The first still what is taught him, he believes,
 And pins his Faith upon his Musti's Sleeves.

But *Spain*, the truly *Catholic*, the Old!
 And in the Glories of the last Age, bold!
 Forgets the Trophies gain'd in Bloody Fields,
 And to her fierce Corriual meanly yields.

Rouse up, let not your former Glory die!
 Time scarce is slipt, regard your Enemy:
 If *Jews* of old, the Roman Pow'r did fear;
 Well may You now suspect your Ruine near.

But if, in spight of Warning, you will run,
 And, by your own Consent, be quite undone;
 Without Regard or Pity you will fall,
 Fate cannot from the Jaws of Death recal.

Some graver *Don*, with Looks morose, will say,
 We wou'd be safe, do you prescribe the Way.

To such as *Him*, this Method I Advance,
 Be not so Blind to leave the Cause to Chance,
 Or Trust a *routh*, because he comes from *France*.

'Tis a good Place for Fashions, and for Dresses
 And for all Nations full of Empriness :
 But for a Spaniard, who abhors to change,
 Top-knots, and High-Comodes are very strange.
 If first upon your Manners they invade,
 The Ribbond-weavers prove your chiefest Trade.
 You may perchance lose your own Mother Tongue,
 Monsieur sounds short, and will your Seignior drown,
 And you have nothing left you of your own.
 Thus your Old Customs all to Ruine tend,
 For you must either Quit, or else Defend :
 Defend you cannot, part with 'em you must,
 Dare you Dispute what Lewis thinks is Just ?
 Fair Promises may easie Nations gull,
 And you may Surfeit, without being full.
 Flie then to Those, who took your * Charles in State, * C. 3.
 To make 'em Happy, by his being Gre-
 He your Protection chearfully will own,
 And to your Timely Succour lend his * Son, * Ch. of Aust.
 Thus Drooping Italy, You will support,
 And Neighb'ring Princes your Alliance court.
 Thus you will stand Secure from Shocks of Times,
 And live Immortal in the Poets Rhymes.
 All Nations far, and near, your Praises sound,
 And seek out where a Spaniard may be found.

The CONCLUSION.

By way of Parallel on another Eminent Occasion.

IF small with greater Things we may compare,
 Old Laws to Innovations we prefer ;
 Spain you have seen United now to France ;
 They must the Musick pay that call the Dance.
 And who wou'd turn a Monarchy aside,
 To have a Commonwealth our Laws beside ?
 All Revolutions still are Dang'rous Things,
 And 'tis not good to Multiply our Kings.
 One King, and but one God, is always best,
 Multiplication is a Real Jest.
 If a Community's already Big,
 Can Peace ensue when Try joins with Whig ?
 We are a Sort of very speaking Elvers,
 Addition helps but little our selves.
 Agreeing thus, we certainly fall out ; 16 JY 60
 For who pretends to guide a fickle Rout ?
 Who wou'd tempt * Bowler from his Midnight Cell, * A Mastiff.
 Unless he understood his Strength not well ?
 'Tis dang'rous Festing ever with edg'd Tools,
 For if we cut our Fingers we are Fools.

E I N T S.

